

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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CIVILISATION BACK TO ITS CRADLE

WITH civilisation in ruins in Europe there is something thrilling in the thought that the Greek Government has gone to Crete. It is a rare island of refuge, for it is the very cradle of our civilisation.

The grandeur that was Rome may bow its head in shame to think of the infamy that has befallen it; but the glory that was Greece lives on immortally, unsullied. Centuries before Christ was born in Bethlehem there was born in Athens a man who spent his life in doing good. He lived a poor man when he might have dined with princes. He did right whatever happened, and no man could make him do wrong. He repaid evil with good; he spoke fearlessly to those in high places; he faced the angry crowd unmoved. He told his judges that they could not kill him, and he forgave his enemies. His name was Socrates.

Socrates and the Men of Athens

It was the Golden Age of Athens, the greatest days the civilised world had seen, with Aristotle teaching everlasting truths, Phidias carving immortal statues, Sophocles writing plays, Thucydides writing his history, Ictinus building the Parthenon, Plato writing down the sayings of Socrates, and Pericles declaring that the whole earth is the brave man's sepulchre.

Before Paul came to Athens Socrates cried aloud, "Men of Athens, I hold you in the highest regard and love, but I will obey God rather than you." The man who was good for anything, he said, should not calculate the chance of living or dying; men might put him to death, but what he should care for most was to live well, justly, and honourably. Why did a citizen of the great and wise city of Athens care so much about money and reputation, and so little about wisdom and truth and the improvement of the soul?

And to his five hundred judges he left this public farewell:

Wherefore, O judges, be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that to a good man no evil thing can happen.

WE read it all today and count it among the masterpieces of literature, but what the Greeks were reading then were the tales of Homer who lived centuries before. He is the mystery man of literature, a blind poet singing his songs in the streets of Greece of whom we know no more than that (and we do not really know that he was blind). But his songs came down the ages, the unwritten Bible of the ancient Greeks, thrilling them with the heroic feats of Teucer and Ajax and Achilles and Agamemnon, and the Conquest of Troy and the wanderings of Ulysses on his way back home to find Penelope waiting for him.

A Daughter Goes Home

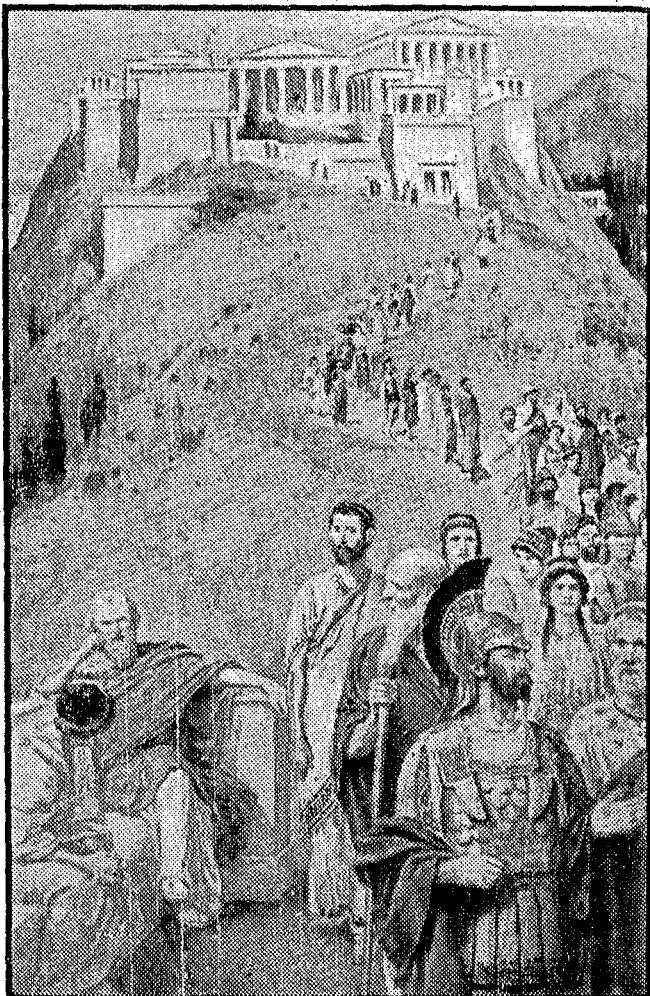
To millions of children Homer has been the great storyteller, a singer of fairy-tales. To generations of his countrymen in their Golden Age he was their grand inspirer, investing them with the majesty of a glorious past and a noble line of heroes. To all of us he has been a sort of Shakespeare of the ancient world.

But always probably to a few (and to many in the last generation), Homer was more than a teller of tales, a singer of songs, an inspirer of a race; he was something of a historian. Matthew Arnold declared that his Iliad and Odyssey were the most important poetical records in existence,

and so they have proved. Behind the poems of Homer lies a lost civilisation, and the fact that the Government of Athens has gone to Crete is romantic, because Crete was the home of this lost civilisation, and nobody knew it.

ATHENS is the daughter of Crete, and she has gone back to the mother of her civilisation while barbarism reigns on the Acropolis.

There is no story quite like it in history. The great days of Greece were the highest expression of civilisation, but beyond that Golden Age was a Dark Age reaching back to the days when Homer lived. Of the origin of Greek civilisation there was no record. Homer sang of fabulous kings,



Socrates watches the great men of Athens go by

monsters, and heroes, of unknown cities with glorious palaces, but where was the record of it all? Who were these heroes performing such mighty deeds? Where were these great cities, these palaces with doors of gold set in arches of silver; these vessels cunningly wrought in metal and inlaid with precious stones; these king's daughters who did the work of the home as if they were servants; these ploughmen and carpenters who bore themselves as great chieftains on the field?

Here was a civilisation like a dream, and was it Homer's dream or was it real? Was it the creation of the poet's mind, or had there existed a civilisation with all this splendour, that had passed out of Greece and left no mark behind? Was the civilisation of Homer's poems something real, or a poet's imagination?

Britannia Needs No Bulwarks

BRITANNIA needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Thomas Campbell

Nobody knew, for between the Golden Age and the age of Homer lay the dark centuries, and nothing was left of Homer's time but Homer's songs.

But there lived through seventy years of last century a German who was born into a Germany which loved knowledge and music and literature and art, Henry Schliemann. When he was seven his father gave him a child's history of the world with a picture of the destruction of Troy, and he made up his mind that when he became a man he would travel and see for himself what remained of all that splendour.

The Nine Ages

He found that nothing of it remained on the face of the earth, but he refused to be beaten, for he knew that his imagination was true. He believed that the site of ancient Troy was on the coast of the Aegean Sea; he got permission to excavate, and the result was greater than all his dreams. He was right. There had been a city of Troy, and here it was. He found not one but nine villages and cities, with ruins piled up on the virgin rock close to the entrance to the Dardanelles. Homer's Troy was the sixth city on the site, and was surrounded by a mighty wall which existed for 500 years, as far beyond the birth of Christ as we are from it.

FROM a city far below this was taken amazing treasure, daggers of gold, jars of silver, and a precious diadem woven with 1600 leaves and rings. The imagination of the poet was true, for this was the background of all his singing, the civilisation in which the people of his fancy lived.

So the history of Greek civilisation was pushed back 2000 years. But where did it begin? Here was a civilisation at its height, and it must have come from somewhere. What if it should be that there was something, after all, in the old legends of Crete? The legends told of astounding things—of a cruel King Minos who kept in an underground labyrinth a monster called the Minotaur, which demanded every nine years from Athens a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens. The young men and maidens were sent to pacify the monster, until at last came the king's son, Theseus, ready to slay the Minotaur in its own labyrinth or die in the attempt. The daughter of Minos fell in love with him and gave him a clue to trace his way through the labyrinth, and a sword to slay the Minotaur.

Europe's Oldest Throne

From Crete comes also the Legend of Daedalus, who made wings for himself and his son to fly to Sicily, Icarus falling into the sea because he flew too near the sun, which melted the wax of his wings. Was this imagination, too, or might there be something in it all, as there was in Homer?

It is an Englishman who has answered this question for us, Sir Arthur Evans, who has been digging at Crete for 40 years and more, and has found there, too, the witness of a Golden Age. He has found a palace which was 400 feet long and five storeys high, with a courtyard of 20,000 square feet. He has found the oldest throne in Europe, beautifully moulded of gypsum, with gypsum benches for the king's councillors, and painted panels on the walls. He has found dragons guarding the door of a sleeping-chamber, huge

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The Great Day of Peace in Addis Ababa

*For the Lion of Judah shall break every chain,
And give them the victory again and again.*

Was it not something like an anticipation of the Great Peace when Haile Selassie arrived back in his palace in Addis Ababa? We read that tears filled his eyes as he was leaving the church in which he had stooped to kiss the holy ground, and we do not wonder.

After Five Years

One of his sons put his arm affectionately round his father as they walked down the steps. There was a mighty crowd of people, and priests, soldiers, and common folk bowed before the emperor and kissed the soil on which he trod. He was back from five years of exile, and it was Abyssinia's great day. Mussolini's bogus Emperor of Abyssinia sat in his palace in Rome, but Haile Selassie was in Addis Ababa, surrounded by his chiefs in gorgeous costumes under their great umbrellas of red, blue, and gold.

An endless stream of people came in on foot or on mules. Women and children dressed in white came winding down the mountain roads through the eucalyptus groves, and there was a procession of armoured cars from the victorious battlefields of East Africa, led by a British colonel. Two officers in working uniform looked as if they had just run into this peaceful scene from the war.

Haile Selassie rode in an open car with the commander of his forces, driven by a major more picturesque than the Lord Mayor's coachman. Faithful chiefs had places of honour and Sudanese soldiers and guards from South, East, and West African troops were drawn up along the route. Red, green, and gold flags were everywhere. The hand-clapping was like thunder, and the booming of drums and the sound of flutes and zithers filled the air. The people threw flowers into the emperor's car, and Haile Selassie, unlike a Dictator, had no need to say them nay.

General Cunningham (surely with the pride of victory in his

eyes) stood with the emperor on the balcony of the royal palace looking at a cheering crowd and listening to the salute of 21 guns, and when it was all silent the emperor made this little speech, simple but surely wonderful when we think of all that has happened:

It is with a sense of deep thankfulness to Almighty God that I stand today in my palace from which the Fascist forces have fled. It is my firm purpose to merit the blessings I have received: first, by showing my gratitude to my allies the British for my return and for the benefits I have received by the release of Imperial troops from warfare on other fronts, and by my supplying them with armed forces wherever they may need them; secondly, by establishing in Ethiopia Christian ethics in Government, liberty of conscience, and democratic institutions.

Let us rejoice, but in the spirit of Christ. Do not reward evil for evil. Do not indulge in the untimely atrocities which the enemy, even in these last days, has been accustomed to practise against us. Do not shame Ethiopia by acts worthy of our enemies. I shall see they are disarmed and given a safe passage to the place from which they came.

Return Good For Evil

Haile Selassie went on to beg them to be considerate to their enemies and to treat their allies as they would a brother; and he called on his people to unite in everlasting friendship with Great Britain to oppose the brutal dragon that assails mankind.

Then he left the balcony and went indoors, and the great crowd broke up slowly, soldiers and people bowing and kissing each other in their joy that the conquering Lion of Judah was home again. Night fell, and there was feasting in the hills among the patriots; indoors Haile Selassie was among his friends.

Fresh Air For the Plants

What is called dry ice, and is in fact solid carbon dioxide gas, is put to many uses nowadays, such as supplying refrigeration for meat and fish and fruit, but the oddest employment is that of providing fresh air for plants.

The plant's fresh air is not the same as ours. It needs a sufficient amount of carbon dioxide to breathe and grow in the dark, and this amount is more than is present in the greenhouse when it asks for more stimulation. Consequently a solid block of dry ice is blanketed in sawdust, where it slowly evaporates, and in doing so gives the plant an extra dose of the gas, a very small dose of a few parts in a million of air, but enough for the purpose.

THE TALKING JAY

Two men, strangers, paused before a house in a London suburb to listen to a macaw, which, in spite of recent bombings, was running through his repertoire of imitations.

His mimicry of the seagull was perfect, for gulls wheel in the sky there until late in Spring. But then came shrieks and sounds like the tearing of buckram, extraordinarily resembling the performance of jays. Jays in London?

"Jays it is," said one who was listening. "You may never see them, but there are many jays in the trees round here. I once caught two. One lived for three years with me, the other for 15, and he talked better than any parrot. I can still hear his Good morning; how are you."

THEY WILL RISE AGAIN

THE heart of the whole civilised world is stirred by the thought of bombs falling on the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum.

It moves the heart of every world citizen but thrills the British Empire and all Anglo-Saxondom with righteous indignation. Yet the Monday morning after the hitting of Big Ben we heard the clock strike out Twelve Noon defiantly, announcing to the listening empire that the Spirit of Old London was unbroken and her head unbowed.

Nothing ancient or irretrievable was lost on that memorable Saturday night, and it was an unforgettable experience to move through the throng of people in Westminster, with faces sternly set, stamped with the mark of sorrow, yet so resolute a throng of people as has ever endured adversity and seen the light beyond the clouds. "I shall rise again," said the stone Christopher Wren picked up from the ruins of Old St Paul's, using it for his foundations; and *We shall rise again*, says the wreckage of London lying all about us. Our strength is not in bricks and stones, but in the powers that lift up hearts and exalt the nations on the earth.

The 45-Shilling Man

Dear Editor, Your appreciation of the man of 45s a week paying income tax is interesting. He pays 35s a week for his board and lodgings, 2s to 4s for travelling expenses to and from his work, and 2s for tax savings. It would be helpful if you would now tell him how to spend the remainder. Is he to buy stamps to write to his relatives from whom he has been parted to obtain work? To buy clothes which wear out rapidly with heavy work? To enjoy luxuries such as church collections, cinemas, cigarettes, sweets, or a little outing on occasional days off work? We need say nothing of papers, for he gets them in the library.

Free Library Reader

THINGS SEEN

A cat sitting on an unexploded bomb.

Irish woodmen cutting trees and leaving one standing while a nest of thrushes learn to fly.

Notices in the windows of cobblers' shops in the North saying "Full up with work for the next four weeks."

Notice in a Glossop, Derbyshire, confectioner's shop:

Sweet Memories

As a token of our unending sorrow this window is dedicated to all the cakes and biscuits that have been taken from us. Of those that remain we may say: "Never have so few been asked for by so many."

LITTLE NEWS REELS

SIR JOHN GRAHAM KERR, M.P., has suggested that the plankton of the sea, on which whales, mackerel, herrings, and so many other fishes live, may be valuable as a source of human food.

The Army is asking that owners of dogs will lend them to the Forces for war work.

Last year employees of the American Ford Company averaged more than 113,000, exclusive of office staffs, and they earned £37,000,000.

IN the little lumber town of Chemainus, British Columbia, every one of the 522 inhabitants is a registered subscriber to War Savings Certificates.

Carving by men prisoners and needlework by women prisoners have just been consecrated in the chapel of Exeter prison.

News comes to us of a bomb which fell outside a house, killing two dogs in the house but leaving unhurt a dog under the table.

THE biggest trader in the land is now the Ministry of Food; it spends £2,000,000 every working day.

One of the strangest things in this war of great surprises was that Rudolf Hess, Hitler's Deputy, should have surrendered to a ploughman armed only with a pitchfork on a lonely Scottish farm.

Guide and Scout News Reel

IN association with the WVS a team of Guides has been giving in Sussex towns a series of demonstrations of camp cookery for bombed families.

Bristol Guides gave a fortnight's service to the Long Ashton Research Station, helping to plant potatoes, weeding, and preparing carrots for preservation.

Guides of the 2nd Market Drayton Company have collected more than 15 tons of waste paper, the proceeds going to the Red Cross and the Ministry of Aircraft Production.

WOLF-CUB Raymond Antil rescued a dog from drowning by swimming across a frozen pond, breaking the ice as he

A Moscow doctor is using transparent paper for dressing wounds so that he can watch the healing through it.

The Mayor of Dover has received from Dover in Delaware a telescope with which he can on a clear day see the time on Calais town hall clock.

The Lifeboat Institution has received £3 realised from the sale of six onions.



In the first three months of the A.T.C. as much progress has been made as was hoped for in 18 months; more than 900 local squadrons and 400 school units have been formed.

Mr Peter Eadie, a Manchester business man 80 years old, cannot read a note of music, but has just given £250 to the Hallé Orchestra because its concerts have given him more pleasure than anything.

The Peter Barr Memorial Cup awarded annually for good work for the daffodil has been awarded by the Royal Horticultural Society to Mr George Munro.

86-year-old John Nutting, who has just been killed in an air raid, had been a chorister for 75 years.

The Green Ray in the Sky

FROM the Galapagos Islands, home of the giant turtles, an interesting story has been brought home by a naval lieutenant to be recorded by the U.S. Hydrographical Survey.

His ship was passing west of the islands when he saw Sirius, the brightest star in the heavens, rising in the east. Before his wondering gaze it turned from red to light green. Hardly believing his eyes, he got his binoculars focused on it, and saw it swiftly changing into nearly all the colours of the rainbow.

The explanation is that this was an extreme example of the twinkling of stars on a clear night. As the light of the star passes through layers of air of different densities and temperatures it is bent first one way and then another, and if the bending is big enough the light splits into prismatic colours, generally too swiftly to be identified. In the case of the changeable light of Sirius the movement of the air was magnified by the movement of the ship to produce the strange effect.

CIVILISATION BACK TO ITS CRADLE

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jars 15 feet round containing food. The palace was a hive of industry, and in the ruins is the work of goldsmiths, engravers of gems, and makers of porcelain. There are ivory sculptures of bulls and bullfighting, which prove that the Minotaur was not so legendary after all, and the palace itself is a veritable maze which proves that the Labyrinth may well have been here.

Is it not a marvellous tale, the discovery of two civilisations

older than ours, going back for fifty centuries and more? It is not to be thought of that all this can be destroyed by the foul hands of Hitler and his Nazis. These heroic Greeks who have covered themselves with glory have but gone home to their island of Crete.

Crete was the forerunner of Greece and Greece was the forerunner of Europe; Europe, we may well believe, is the forerunner of the World of Universal Brotherhood.

Arthur Mee

A Million People on the Move

It is believed that a million Finns have taken part in the great walking match between Finland and Sweden, which is nearing its end. The match was planned to cover three weeks, and the President and the Cabinet have taken part in it, the Speaker of the Finland Parliament having sent the following challenge to the Swedish Speaker.

"Sweden's and Finland's representatives have marched side by side during many centuries of Parliamentary toil. Permit me, now, my dear brother, to

suggest that our Houses should march together in the ensuing struggle." The victory goes to the country in which the biggest proportion of the population walks nine and a half miles in two hours and 20 minutes.

The factories, theatres, schools, villages, and towns of one country send out challenges to the corresponding institutions in the other country, and this great national walking match is not only a healthy kind of rivalry between two nations but a vital part of the campaign for keeping fit and smiling in hard times.

THE SINGERS OF BRADFORD TOWER

All the world knows that Yorkshire folk love singing, and all Yorkshire is grateful to Eldred Oliver, who has left a thousand pounds to Bradford Cathedral on condition that every Easter Day a service of singing is held on the tower. The choir will meet for the first time on the tower next Easter Day, singing hymns at nine in the morning, and their voices will travel far over the city.

NEVER DESPAIR

The CN salutes Melbourne's new Lord Mayor, Frank Beaurepaire.

He is of the stuff that heroes are made of. Wounded in the last war, the doctors told him he would have to spend the rest of his life in an invalid's chair, but, being undismayed, he took up swimming and became stronger and stronger, until he was a champion swimmer and a world record holder. Today he has overcome his physical handicap and is able to fulfil his strenuous duties.

FISHY BUT TRUE

A fish was seen quite at home out of water the other day at the annual exhibition of the Anglers Association in Montreal.

There it was, just an ordinary brook trout, surveying the world calmly from a waterless tank. But it was an oxygen tank, and for 12 hours at a time the fish was perfectly happy in it.

Another exhibit of great interest was a group of three trout in jars of water having different coloured backgrounds. Before many minutes had passed the cunning fish were all invisible. They had changed their colouring to match their surroundings!

THE MUIRKIRK PICTURES

Muirkirk is only a Scottish village, but it has two cinemas. One of them is open in the morning so that miners may go to see pictures they would otherwise miss.

The operator is the village postman. The show does not always begin on time because the postman cannot show pictures till he has completed his round, but there is always an audience.

CHILDREN ONLY

The war has brought many unusual notices to our streets; and one of the loveliest has been displayed in a little Yorkshire sweet-shop kept by an old lady. It says:

*Bars of chocolate 1d each.
Children only supplied.*

THE EVACUEE EXPLAINS

Round a Surrey house where George Eliot lived, and where she wrote part of the Mill on the Floss, are set the Signs of the Zodiac carved in stone. All are there, beginning in the rhyme of Dr Watts, "The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins, the Virgin and the Scales," and ending with "The Fishes with glittering tails." We heard of an evacuee girl from a neighbouring agricultural college who volunteered to explain them. "The Ram and the Bull," she said, "are for animal husbandry at this time of year, the Fishes are for marine work, and the woman—she represents the Department of Home Economics."

THE AXE OF PEACE

During the last war many Canadian lumbermen came to this country to help in felling trees. Some had a share in cutting down the beeches behind Chichester, veterans of the South Downs sadly missed today.

One of the Canadians, who was at work on November 11 when word reached the lumbermen that the Armistice had been signed, immediately drove his axe deep into a tree, exclaiming, "Well, that's that, I guess. I'll park my axe here till the next war!"

The next war has come; and we are wondering if the Canadian has returned to remove his axe.

The Native Sees the Pictures

SOME interesting facts about the difficulties of introducing films to African natives were told the other day to the British Kinematograph Society.

The native mind is still unable to grasp the full significance of a picture, and if shown a picture of a friend he will turn it round and round and upside-down, and remain unconvinced. In showing a film of the last days of Pompeii to a native audience part of the picture was accidentally put on the screen upside-down, but nobody noticed it or

made any comment! When another picture was shown, the chief interest was in a chicken, though the producer had not even known that there was a chicken in the film.

Talking pictures are quite impossible with these people on account of the number of dialects, so a commentary is spoken by an interpreter who stands by the screen. To the despair of the producer of the picture, however, the interpreter frequently tells his own story, which may have little to do with the actual one.

EVEN GENEVA

We give these few sentences of a letter received from an aristocratic old lady who has lived in Geneva since she fled from the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia 24 years ago.

I have been glad to receive your kind letter and to hear that you are well, calm, and cheerful. Sad to say (yet so it is), here no one is cheerful, not for want of money but because of hard restrictions. Personal cards are needed for everything, food, fuel, clothing, and all are very sparingly allowed. No benzine for the autos, and this is hard to endure. I had the hope of going to church at Easter, but this was impossible. The streets are filled with pedestrians, but there are no vehicles. How long can this last?

ESCAPE OF A PIANO

Out of a bombed house a piano was dragged not long ago, and soon afterwards a woman came along. She sat on a broken chair, dusted the piano, and began playing. The children gathered round, older folk came, and before long everybody was singing amid the wreckage.

A PENNY FOR BIG BEN

How many people know that Big Ben, the most famous clock in the world, is bribed to keep good time by being given a penny, and that sometimes, when he errs, his penny is taken from him?

This is actually true. The tide of traffic at the base of the tower tends to quicken or retard the speed of the clock, and from time to time a penny is added to the pendulum in order to change the pace.

SEEING EYE

New York's City Council turned all eyes on a sheep dog and her master the other day.

Sally is a Seeing-Eye dog, and on a word of command from her blind master, Robert Loesch, she guided him to the rostrum and then to other parts of the council chamber. Then she led him carefully through a small door into the committee-room.

Sally's cleverness impressed her audience so much that it was decided to allow Seeing-Eye dogs to ride on the subways; up till now they have only been allowed to travel in the buses.



Schoolgirls evacuated from London setting out for work on their allotments

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism-of the world



Rich Poor Man

Who will remain rich after this? Perhaps the answer is: the man or woman who knows how to make much of little and to win happiness by deserving it.

Such a man was described by a famous Englishman some years ago in an address he gave at Harvard University. Considered poor, he found complete happiness in the simplest pleasures of life, and one day he was with a millionaire who spent his life in the constant attempt to increase his wealth.

"I am a richer man than you are," said the poor man. "How do you make that out?" asked the toiling millionaire. "Because I have all the money, I want, and you haven't," replied the contented philosopher.

The Post Office Has a Kindly Thought

Most of us grumble at the Post Office (which sometimes deserves it, we think), and it is due to that great institution to pay tribute to its great humanity when occasion comes.

We hear of a man who was roused at six in the morning with the news that there was a telegram for him; it had been handed in at 2 a.m., and said, "Boy safe; train accident." And the Post Office message added these words:

We're sorry to disturb you so early, but thought you would like to have the news before the papers arrive.

Who can say that there is no warm heart beating behind the vast Post Office machine which we so often blame because it is not perfect?

How to Live Long

Those who doubt the value of temperance (if there are such people now) may be interested in the report of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, from which we take this sentence:

The increasing longevity of our members is proving rather a heavy liability.

With all respect to the Manchester Unity, temperance and long life say we.

Under the Editor's Table

AN artist who specialises in sunsets says he tries to catch the colours. They run.

RAILWAY girls are spring-cleaning the stations. Think the trains should be run on entirely new lines.

FLAT dwellers who keep window-box gardens deserve our respect. We look up to them.

A CERTAIN type of nose is frequently found in one family. Always turning up.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If poultry investors like a run for their money

TWO ITEMS

How oddly the news balances in the scales at times! We noticed two items coming together the other day.

One was the meanest thing a Government has ever done, the decree of the Vichy Government depriving Madame Curie's daughter of her citizenship.

The other was one of the kindest things ever done by the Church, the offer of St Sepulchre's Church in Holborn to the homeless Nonconformists of the City Temple.

In the one scale is the mark of Nazi hate; in the other is the mark of Christian charity.

The Unquenched Flame

Two letters from friends of the CN give sad but hopeful glimpses of London churches suffering in the raids. One, from a woman ambulance worker, tells how she and her sister made their way on the morning after into a church where only the walls were standing. Among the still smoking ruins the daffodils and primroses which had decked the chancel still lifted their lovely heads, unharmed.

The other letter spoke mournfully of an ancient church which we knew and loved well, but which now lies in rubble in the road that runs beside it. Yet on the Sunday after that the sacred festival of the church was held in the upper room of a children's hospital which stands close by. It was in an Upper Room that the first Easter Day was kept 2000 years ago.

THESE THREE

FAITH, Hope, and Charity, England's oldest triplets (born on a farm near Skipton), have just celebrated their 83rd birthday. Faith is now Mrs Thackeray, Hope is Mrs Watson, and Charity is Mrs Remington. They are all now busy in Yorkshire, knitting for our fighting men. The CN has remembered them before and sends them its greeting.

JUST AN IDEA

We always think we are going to do better tomorrow; and perhaps we would if we started today.

SIR GALAHAD

SIR GALAHAD sings in Tennyson, as he rides through the greenwood on his quest of the Holy Grail:

*My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.*

He is the same cavalier who in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales was a veray parfit gentil knight, and loved chivalry, trouthe, and honour, freedom, and curtesie.

But he was in truth far older than either of these poets, whom six centuries separate. He belongs to the early world when even among heathen men there dawned a spirit of gentleness, allied to high courage and the nobility of self-sacrifice. It was the spirit awaiting the coming of the Man of Galilee in whom these qualities shone with heavenly light. The reflection of that sacred light coloured all the ideas of Christian chivalry, illumining the awakening from the Dark Ages.

GALAHAD belongs to the story of Arthur, but as we seek his lineage he recedes farther and farther back in antiquity, becoming, like much of the story of Arthur himself, part of the legend of a prehistoric hero, a Celtic or even a Norse warrior. He is sometimes Galahad, or Gawaine, or Percival; and Percival is the Parsifal of German legend, all three being alike in this—that when Christianity took up the pagan tale it was their purity alone which fitted them for the holy Quest.

The Quest was the seeking of the Holy Grail, a chalice holding the blood of Christ. It was, as Tennyson interpreted the story, the cup from which Our Lord drank at the Last Supper, and was brought by Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury, where it stayed awhile working miracles; but when the heathen fell on the land it was caught up to heaven and disappeared.

AMONG all the legends Galahad moves a dim figure, dimmer even than the Arthur who is said to have ruled over Britain in the sixth century and stemmed the heathen hordes. Stories of them pass through many hands, but to those who read it must seem that Galahad is greater than his legend.

He is, in fact, to be regarded as the embodiment of whatever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. He is the warrior who shrinks not when *The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel;*

but he is even more than that; he is the Christian warrior above whose head "voices hover clear":

*"O just and faithful knight of God,
Ride on! the prize is near."
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, what'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.*

Now he stands for Courage and Purity, hero of the world for all whose Quest is Truth.



On the Westmorland Fells

A shepherd with "two newly-born lambs homeward bound across a daffodil-covered height above Windermere

In the Country Bus

EVERY weekday morning the swift green bus from Guildford to Ewhurst picks up groups of very early and very small passengers between Shamley Green and Cranleigh.

Smallest of all in the contingent which boards the bus at Smithwood Common is Fred. He is three, and goes to school in Cranleigh, not with the village children, who have their own school, but in the village hall with a couple of hundred other boys and girls from Wandsworth.

They came down to this lovely part of Surrey on the outbreak of the war, chiefly from Battersea, which is the home of Fred and his sister Doris. She was seven then and Fred was 18 months.

Doris does not look much more than seven now. But, despite her miniature size, she is a wise little person, and when she and Fred leave their mother in the cottage in the morning Doris becomes mother to Fred.

No danger will befall Little Brother on these noisy roads which were once so quiet. Doris

will see to that, and it is plain, from the bright upward glances Fred gives to his sister as the bus rolls on, that he knows it well.

So proud she is of her charge. He can say his name now, though he couldn't before; he used to call himself Zed. And he can count now up to twelve.

Both Doris and Fred like the country—"Ooo—yes!" Now more than ever in the spring-time, though Clapham Common, says Doris, is nice in the spring too. They love the fields and the walks, with so many paths and stiles, and nobody to say you mustn't go this way or that, so long as you keep to paths and don't tread down the crops.

As though a sensible child would do such a thing, especially anyone from Battersea, where they know much more about the country than you would think. And Fred, with his sturdy small frame and his pink cheeks, is a fine advertisement for country life.

We do not wonder Doris is proud of him. He will soon be learning how proud he should be of her.

The Noble Trees Are Going Up

He who plants a tree
Plants a glory that he will not see.

A CN friend writes from Lincolnshire concerning the cutting down of trees which is so sad a part of our life in these days. He is one of a group of 16 working in Bardney Forest, and, having been at times 28 strong, these men have planted nearly half a million trees of various kinds, as well as doing nearly 20 miles of dyking and much clearing of undergrowth. Altogether the Forestry

Commission has about 300 men devoting themselves to forestry in England alone, so that the Government has made considerably more provision for the replacing of timber felled for war purposes than in the last war.

Although these trees will not be full grown for 50 years or so, they will compensate for the tremendous loss of timber due to the ravages of war, and such news will comfort many who love the English countryside.

Singing to Victory

the people of free China are lifting up their voices and singing their way to victory. For the first time in their history they are singing patriotic community songs, for until a few years ago they had never even heard of singing, and even in their songs only solos were sung.

It was a student at Shanghai College named Lin Liang-mo who started the music that is now going round and round. "Music Unites People," he read the cover of an American book of songs. At once he saw that his mission was, and set out organising community singing at YMCAs all over China. He trained Boy Scouts, Guides, and students to go and teach the soldiers to sing, and today civilians and the army are united as never before by the power of music.

Lin Liang-mo is helped in his work by various companies of wandering players. What more moving story is there than that the Children's Dramatic Troupe? It is made up of 30 boys and girls, from Shanghai, whose parents had been killed and their homes wrecked by air raids. Undaunted they went out to serve their country. Their first sanctuary was unknown, where they stayed long

enough to organise themselves into a travelling dramatic company, and put on many clever performances, before they took to the road.

There are many such troupes of child actors all over China. With packs on their backs containing all their worldly goods they go from province to province, putting on plays for the illiterate villagers, teaching them songs, and preparing them for war activities. By their stirring example, these young people are meeting one of China's greatest needs, uniting her against the Japanese invader.

One of the patriotic songs they sing goes like this:

*In all the thick forests,
There you can find camps of our comrades;
On all the high mountains,
There are thousands of our brothers.*

*Not enough to eat, not enough to wear,
The enemy will send these things to us.*

*Not enough guns, not enough rifles,
The enemy will manufacture them for us.*

*We are all raised up on this land,
Every inch of it belongs to us,
Whoever dares to take it from us,
We will fight them to the end!*

Won't Read—And Can't Read

Two items of news from a south-eastern county throw extraordinary light on education; a third gives a ray of hope for the future.

At a meeting of fire-watchers, when it was suggested that a few books and magazines might well be provided for men on duty on wet nights, a young man said he had "not read a book for years." Several others agreed with him that their only reading was news in a daily picture paper. They are the Won't Readers.

There are Can't Readers too. At another meeting, where copies of a trade union magazine had been handed round, it was noticed that several young men were reading very slowly, spelling almost every word.

The third story comes from a man who has addressed many village meetings and classes since

the outbreak of war. He reports an amazing eagerness for knowledge, particularly among middle-aged working-men who have found new interests and a new spirit of cooperation in their wartime activities. These men have no interest in the type of education they received at school but are pathetically eager to learn about anything connected with their own lives, current events, and with "running the country." They envy the boys of a school in the district who have been taught gardening and who actually grew enough vegetables last year to provide the canteen of the school until the end of March.

Whatever Authority may think of a schoolmaster who allows his boys to miss their lessons to go gardening, such instruction receives the warmest approval of the ordinary men of the district.

The Good Samaritan

A PATHETIC little group stood in San Francisco's Market Street looking up and down as they could not decide which way to go.

The man and wife with their three children were certainly city folk. Their faces were tanned with the sun and their cotton frocks seemed to come from a different world.

The baby in the girl's arms limped as though it was angry. The tiny tots clinging to their skirts looked exhausted. All the busy citizens hurrying past none looked twice, and only one citizen noticed that they were tired and hungry and had obviously come from a long way away on their feet. The family could not stop when the well-dressed gentleman asked them about themselves.

Rosebud Adams is my name," replied the man. "I'm

27, and my wife, Rosie Lee, she's 25. The baby, Robert, he's nearly a year. Gloria Jean and Rene are four and three. We're hitch-hiking from Washington to Riverside. Yes, suh, it's a long way for the kids to walk. No, suh, we have no money left, but we're nearly at our journey's end."

The kind stranger lost no more time in questions. He hustled them into his car and took them to his palatial office, where the little family sank gratefully into comfy armchairs. Then the Good Samaritan got busy on the telephone. He booked rooms for them at a hotel, got bus tickets to Riverside, and gave them money to help them on their way.

Rosebud and Rosie Lee are busy settling down in Riverside now, but they are still talking of the wonderful stranger and all he did for them.

UP WITH THE FLAG

WIDE as the world our bounds are wide,
But if our hearts be true,
What England's done is naught beside

What England yet shall do!
Her fame shall mount on ampler wing,
Her sun more glorious shine;
Up with the flag of Peace and bring
The whole world into line!

Harold Begbie

So Long As England Rides the Sea

THOSE who desire to see the principle of liberty thrive and extend throughout the world should cherish, with an almost religious veneration, the prosperity and greatness of England.

So long as England shall ride pre-eminent on the ocean of human affairs there can be none whose fortunes shall be so shipwrecked, there can be none whose condition shall be so desperate and forlorn, that they may not cast a look of hope towards the light that beams from hence; and though they may be beyond the reach of our power, our moral support and sympathy shall cheer them in their adversity, and assist them to bear up and to hold out, waiting for a better day.

Lord Palmerston

THE ISLAND

DADDY NEPTUNE one day to Freedom did say,
If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain.

Says Freedom, Why, that's my own island!
Oh, what a snug little Island!
A right little, tight little Island!
Seek all the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little Island.

Fireside Reflection

A QUEER fancy seems to be current that a fire exists only to warm people. It exists also to lighten their darkness, to raise their spirits, to toast their muffins, to air their rooms, to cook their chestnuts, to tell stories to their children, to make checkered shadows on their walls, to boil their hurried kettles, and to be the red heart of a man's house and hearth, for which, as the great heathen said, a man should die. G. K. Chesterton

GOD SAVE ENGLAND

These verses are from a poem in the New York Evening Post, by William Rose Benet.

TONIGHT and every night
God save England!
Tonight and every night
While fires are still alight
Where roaring skies rain death,
So long as men have breath
For all free men to fight,
God save England!
God save the Right!

Today and every day
God save England!
The English poet's May,
The seaman's world-highway,
The heroic muster-roll
Who are the heart and soul
And strength for which men pray:
God save England
And the English way!

This night and every night
God save England!
This day and every day,
Till war be torn away,
A foul unnatural birth,
From a new ordered earth,
And dawn in brave array
Shine on great England,
For whom tonight we pray!



CARRY ON

Why Are They Fighting Now, Dad?

We take this from one of the Saskatchewan papers, the Oxbow Herald; it is by Harold Wood and should be widely read.

"Why should we fight?" he asked me. "Cause England is at war? Why are they fighting now, Dad, what are they fighting for? What does it mean to you, Dad, to babe, and Mums and me? The Germans won't come here from away across the sea, So why should you go there, Dad, and leave us here to cry? Is it cause England owns us? Is that the reason why?"

His eyes looked widely at me; I tightly held my son. And this is how I answered his questions, one by one. "We fight when England calls us, for in her sacred keep The ashes of our fathers lie in her soul, asleep."

ON THE POOR

THEY in Christ are equal with you. Peers of the realm must needs be. The poorest ploughman is in Christ equal with the greatest prince that is. Let them, therefore, have sufficient to maintain them, and to find them their necessities. Hugh Latimer

We Will Speak Out

WE will speak out, we will be heard,
Though all earth's systems crack;
We will not bate a single word,
Nor take a letter back.
Let liars fear, let cowards shrink,
Let traitors turn away;
Whatever we have dared to think
That dare we also say.
We speak the truth, and what care we
For hissing and for scorn,
While some faint gleamings we can see
Of Freedom's coming morn?
James Russell Lowell

And many times for England they fought that she'd be free, And they are part of England, and so, my son, are we.

AND some may pass her by, lad, and some may scorn her hand, But we must be for ever a part of that fair land, For everything we have, son, that's good, and fine, and just, Was washed in British blood and given to us in trust. And we must keep that trust, son, against the force of greed, And fight beside Old England whenever she's in need.

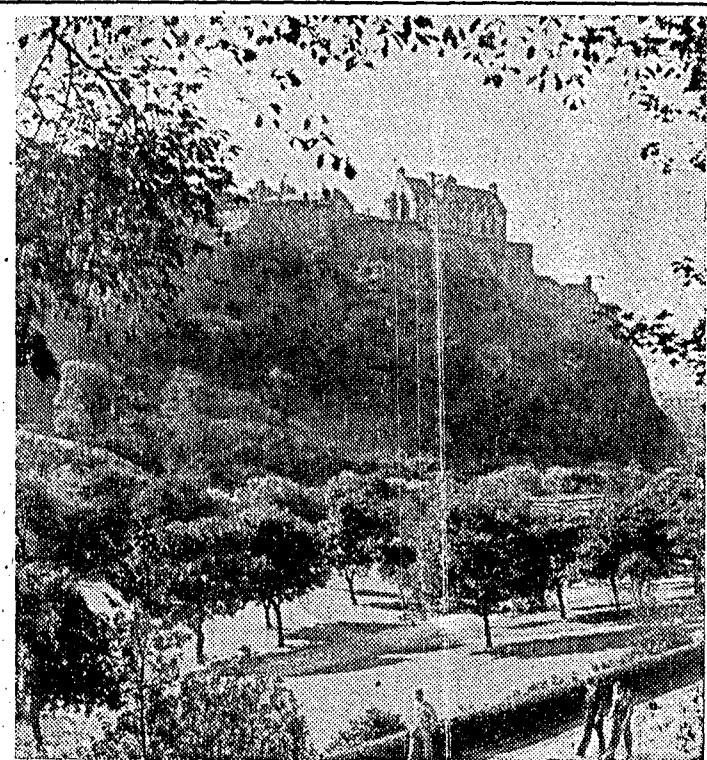
AND once again she's calling, across the Empire wide, And all her Empire answers, 'You'll find us at your side.' Oh yes, we're owned by England, but we own England, too. As you are part of me, son, and I am part of you."

Evening Prayer For Wartime

NOW the daylight fades away,
For our Commonwealth we pray.
Guard our sailors out at sea,
From all danger keep them free.
Bless our airmen in the sky,
Safe as angels may they fly.
Firemen, wardens, and police,
Grant Thy strength and inward peace.
Shield our soldiers as they stand
Guarding Freedom's native land.
These, and all who work or sleep,
Mighty God, in safety keep.
Thomas Tiplady

THE FINEST DAY

FINEST days of yore were those when Drake sailed o'er the sea;
Finest days when Nelson made the world-wide ocean free.
Finest days? Yes, surely, but the finest days of all
When Britain dared to bring about the Nazi Tyrant's fall.
Canon W. T. Money



Edinburgh Castle on its rocky height above the northern capital. This seat of the old Scottish kings was a formidable stronghold and has been associated with many thrilling scenes. The beautiful National War Memorial of Scotland, erected about 15 years ago, forms part of the Castle buildings.

C. B. FRY'S LETTERS TO CRICKET LADS

4—Golden Rules for Batsmen

It is next to impossible to explain in writing how the various strokes in cricket should be made. It is only at all possible when the reader knows already what is meant by such terms as "playing forward," and "playing back," and "driving," and "cutting." You should get someone who can play to show you these things.

Always remember that the greatest and the commonest of faults in batting is failure to watch the ball long enough and closely enough. I believe that nineteen out of twenty times when one is clean-bowled, the catastrophe is due simply to having taken one's eyes off the ball.

The Great Difficulty

Always remember that in all "forward" strokes, and in "driving" or "hitting," the great difficulty is to avoid playing too soon. When you know how to "play forward" and to "drive" correctly, you will find it hard to apply these strokes well; and your difficulty will be, as I say, to keep the swing of your bat in hand long enough.

You will have a natural tendency to begin the swing too soon. It is a golden rule, when you decide to "play forward" or to "drive," to steel yourself to keep back the forward swing at the ball till the last possible instant. This is more important than ever when you are playing slow bowling.

Another golden rule is never to decide on your stroke until the ball is well on its way towards you. For instance, in playing slow bowling, you should never begin shaping for your stroke until the ball is well on its downward drop from the highest point in its flight.

Wait and See

Half the faults in batting come from beginning to play before one really knows what sort of ball the bowler has bowled. Boys—and coming batsmen—have a sort of ingrained fear that they will be late for the stroke, but their commonest fault is that they are much too soon. Lift your bat back as early as you like, but do not begin swinging it forward, or moving your front foot out towards the ball, until the last possible instant. I can assure you that much more often than not a boy has got half-way through his "forward stroke" or his "drive" by the time he ought barely to have begun it.

I must explain that, in playing fast bowling, if you find that you are too late with your strokes, the fault will be not that you are late in beginning to "play forward" or to "drive," but that you are late in lifting your bat back ready to come forward.

To be late in lifting your bat back in readiness to make a stroke, and to be late in actually beginning the forward motion,

are two totally different things. It is a very curious fact that those batsmen who are too slow in lifting their bats back are the very batsmen who swing it forward too soon: they begin too late and finish too soon.

If you lift back your bat just as the ball leaves the bowler's hand, and then resolutely decline to begin your "forward" stroke or your "drive" till absolutely the last instant, you will find your batting enormously improved.

In "playing back" there is no natural tendency to play too soon. The fault is to fail to glue your eyes to the ball.

Remember: No bowler can bowl more than one ball at you at a time, and every ball can be played if you look at it. C. B. F.

The Swifts and Martins

Of all the migrant birds that have returned from the South to summer with us and rear their families, none seem more timorous or more remote from human interests than swifts and martins. Yet the truth is that no birds are more dependent on man.

That aerial marvel the swift must have a church tower, the eaves of a house, or some crannied sanctuary in a high old wall for its nesting-place; the martin builds its saucer-shaped cradle of mud and straw on ledges in our sheds, on the roof-sheltered walls of our houses, even in the quiet obscurity of our shady house porches.

We cannot feed these birds, whose food is winged insects; we can never get to know them individually as we know the fearless and confiding robin, yet when the swift or martin begins its northward flight it is not to a vast country but to a tiny spot under our roof that it steers its course over thousands of miles.

Ilford is Winning the War

WHAT IS YOUR TOWN DOING?

EVERY town and village should now be collecting waste food material and feeding it to pigs or poultry.

The C N, which has been urging this contribution to our supplies of home-produced food for many months, is glad to record Lord Portal's statement that the number of local authorities who have organised this vital collection is increasing, but we must not rest until the whole country is concentrated on the task. Nothing can help the country more.

Among the pioneers in waste collection have been the great towns of Tottenham and Ilford, where the enthusiasm of the dustmen and other council workers has ensured considerable success.

We remember that Mr. R. W. Roll, Parks Superintendent of Ilford, broadcast some time ago what his town has done to prove that the municipal pig more than paid its rent. Actually £1300 has already been received from the sale to bacon factories of 150 pigs fed on the town's waste food.

Ilford is one of London's rapidly-growing suburbs, with a population that has risen from 132,000 in 1931 to nearly 200,000 today, and we do not wonder, with such wise and enterprising councillors, yet even in this busy town they found an old farmstead, and on it they are today fattening another 160 pigs, which in due course will produce 27,000 lbs of meat.

No Waste

Nothing is wasted at Ilford, even in the pigsties, for good use is made of the pig's manure, a commodity unobtainable in a town but essential for any farm crops grown on heavy soil. This fertiliser is proving invaluable for the production of food for man and beast in parks and allotments. Last year the parks supplied vegetables worth nearly £1000 to local institutions and communal feeding centres, and this year they have sown 40 acres of oats and 25 tons of potatoes.

The parks and open spaces of Ilford cover more than 400 acres (the biggest being Valentine's Park from which the famous Hampton Court vine was obtained), and the council decided that not a handful of the grass cuttings from these green spaces should be wasted. Properly preserved as silage, this grass is a valuable cattle food, so Ilford built five concrete silos, each capable of holding 25 tons. Some of last year's

surplus was sold, and this year the parks superintendent anticipates a very much better product and much more of it; even the bowling greens contribute their share. In addition to this up-to-date venture they were able to make nearly 50 tons of meadow hay, which is being fed to the council's horses. With Ilford-grown hay, and Ilford-grown oats, these horses should be independent of imported foodstuffs in the future.

Demonstration Plots

Nor have the 6000 allotment holders been forgotten. Already there is one plot for every 25 of the population and the Parks Department have supplied 150,000 plants from their nurseries to help them on their way, besides laying out twelve demonstration plots, each with a notice-board on which is chalked advice for the week's work.

Altogether this most loyal and progressive town, little more than a group of villages fifty years ago, is showing what can be done when there is a will to do it. Any town can do the same, and there are few villages which cannot organise their common life so as to ensure that no food or food-source is wasted. Every village should aim at maintaining a pig from its waste, and there should be a healthy rivalry between towns as to the number of pigs they can support.

The total would be an immense contribution to the food supply of the country, save tons of shipping and the lives of men, and bring victory nearer.

Is your town doing anything? Has your village thought this out? The more we feed ourselves the sooner the bombing will stop and the sooner the gangsters will be kicked bag and baggage out of Europe.

We are not doing our best till we have thought and acted about all this. Your town, your village, is not at its best until it is at least as good as Ilford, if not better.

ABOUT YOUR VEGETABLES

WHEN we boil a cabbage, 60 per cent of those precious vitamins which our food experts are pressing on our attention remain in the boiled water.

This is stated in an estimate in our old friend "Nature" of the varying values of the vegetables we are now digging for victory. Nevertheless, much of value remains; and it is not suggested that much can be done with the water. But failing this we may derive interest

from the order of merit in which the green vegetables are placed.

Broccoli-tops head the list, followed by watercress, mustard and cress, brussels sprouts, spinach, cabbage, and cauliflower. Below these but honourably mentioned are, turnips, green peas, leeks, parsnips, and string beans. Asparagus, we regret to find, as well as cucumbers and marrows, are hardly worth notice, except for their taste.



Hitler's Race For Oil

Recent events in Iraq have once again drawn attention to Germany's great need for oil. The rich Iraqi oilfields and the pipe-line to the Mediterranean at Haifa are a tempting bait to the Nazis. The branch running through Syria to Tripoli was cut off when France fell.

The Dwarf & the Giant

IN an American botanical garden is a plant which has behaved in a way that recalls the tale of Jack and the Beanstalk.

It was brought rather more than a year ago from Central America by a collector of tropical plants, as a curiosity not to be found anywhere else, and was described by him as a dwarf milkweed. It was planted and flourished all too well. When the collector visited the Botanic

Garden a year later the director asked him to identify a huge vine-like growth which had climbed a fence several hundred feet long and was threatening to encircle the entire garden. The collector could make nothing of it. "That," said the director, "is your dwarf milkweed."

So unforeseen is the influence of surroundings on plant growth—as the Australians found with their unwelcome prickly pear.

Why Not Let Him Sit Down?

Why not a seat for the bus conductor? As we give it to the shop assistant, is it not possible for Parliament to follow the example for the bus conductor?

THE popular idea of a busman's holiday is the spending of the day on his bus while another man drives it; but a man we hear of is a veteran conductor whose idea of a holiday is to go on collecting the fares but to be able to sit and rest for a few moments on a seat inside the vehicle whenever a chance arises. It was a day following a pro-

longed night raid on London when we found him, and he had been with the bus till one in the morning, had then gone on duty fire-watching, and had begun work with the bus again at nine.

"Rest here for a minute," said the passenger, making way as the bus filled up. "No thank you, sir. We're coming to where the inspectors are about, and I shall get into trouble."

Perhaps, in building up the better days, we shall remember the weary men on the buses and give them a seat.

A Force Stronger Than Gravity

A NEW force 200 times more powerful than gravity has been announced by Dr Lyman Spitzer, of Harvard Observatory.

It appears in the tails of comets which are turned away from the sun by the pressure of light. The same thing happens to the dust particles in space, which are continually being

pushed away from our Sun or any starry sun in their neighbourhood. But when two specks of dust are in line one of them is shielded by the other from the pressure, and the two therefore approach one another. The pull between them is 200 times bigger than the force of gravity which attracts them.

The Return of Rip Van Winkle

Rip Van Winkle is the most memorable of all the characters Washington Irving portrayed in his Sketch Book, first published in 1819. Every generation since then has read the story of this good-natured, happy-go-lucky farmer who one day, seeking respite

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—stranger faces at the windows—everything was strange.

His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill mountains, there ran the silver Hudson at a distance, there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed.

The Old House

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay, the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed; "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van

Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn, but it too was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.

Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognised on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In

place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens, elections, members of Congress, liberty, Bunker's Hill, heroes of seventy-six, and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

Tavern Politicians

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator, bustling up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired, "on which side he voted." Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded, in an austere tone, what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village.

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King. God bless him!"

Rip as a Stranger

HERE a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came here for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them." Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone, too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war, Congress, Stony Point; he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?" "Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three; "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wits' end, "I am not myself, I'm somebody else, that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes; I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mis-

chief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry: "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah! poor man," Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Welcome Home

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering tone:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died, but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and, peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle, it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

BEDTIME CORNER

One, Two, Buckle My Shoe

BETTY was very proud of her new shoes. They fastened with two little straps and big buckles.

Her mother had wanted to buy something stronger for the rough country roads, but Betty had begged so hard that at last Mummy had agreed.

She had worn them for a week, and then they began to hurt her. The soles were so thin that she felt every stone she trod on. Each day her poor feet grew more tender.

Coming home from school one morning they hurt so much that the tears came into her eyes.

"You are limping, little lady," said a voice behind her.

It was Mr Robin, the village cobbler.

Betty stooped down and held up her foot.

"That's no shoe for these rough roads," said Mr Robin.

"But they are so pretty," pleaded Betty; "I did want to wear them."

"Well, well!" said the kindly man. "Suppose you

come along to my shop, and let me see what I can do."

What he did was to sew on some firm soles. Which of course took some time. And while he worked he told Betty—



the story of how, when he was a boy, he had run away to sea and got shipwrecked. It gave him such a fright that he had never gone back.

"Well, that's a good thing," said Betty. "For if you'd been a sailor you couldn't have mended my pretty shoes."

KNOWING OURSELVES

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Do we ever know ourselves? Have we any power to realise what we truly are?

Man. So you have been inspecting yourself. To use a long word, but a useful one, you have become introspective.

Boy. Yes, I have been wondering about myself—about my life and what I shall make of it.

Man. A useful exercise as long as it is accompanied by action and resolution. For how are you to think properly about your own powers unless you test them in action? Do things; the more you do the more you will be fitted to do. Each good thing done will help you to know yourself for what you are, a creature of infinite capacity.

Boy. I remember you once told me that we should all respect ourselves as capable of great things.

Man. And, now that you have spoken of trying to know yourself, let me warn you that any one of us may turn right or left, do good or evil, because of the use or abuse of our great powers. Remember what Shakespeare wrote in praise of Man:

What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension,

how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

But he also wrote that man sometimes

... like an angry ape, Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven

As make the angels weep.

The very nobility of which man is capable makes the more deplorable his lapses from grace.

Boy. It is as though we were all two people and not one!

Man. Yes; that is why it is good to cultivate self-examination, to try sometimes to get outside ourselves, and to note where we are going. Robert Louis Stevenson in his book on Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde pictures a normally fine character, Dr Jekyll, who unhappily hit on a drug which suppressed the good in him and made him a brute, whom he named Mr Hyde. Experimenting with it, he at last found himself all brute, and killed himself in despair. A fearful tale, but useful. We all have good need to beware of the Mr Hyde in us, who can be cultivated until he masters the essential man. It is for every one to resolve to make the best of his infinite faculties. It is the greatest gift of all to know oneself as self-respecting, and therefore incapable of evil.

THE BRAN TUB

SHOCK

SHOPPER: "I want some good current literature."

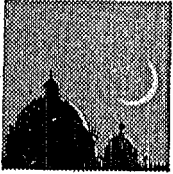
Bookseller: "Here are some books on electric lighting."

Wind and Weather

No quail will quail before the wind,
A bough will bow before it;
We cannot rein the rain, or find
That earthly powers reign o'er it.

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening the planet Mercury is in the west. In the morning Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at 9 o'clock on Wednesday evening, May 28.

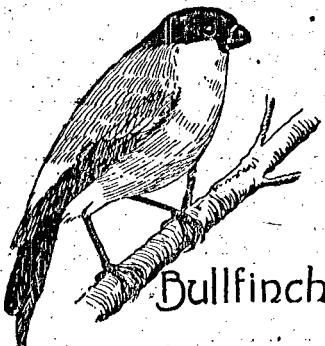


NAME US ALL

COMPLETE, I grow within a field,
And pleasant pasture often yield;
Behold me once, a suitor then
Is quickly brought before your ken;
Behold again, I am a word
That on the cricket-ground is heard.
Restore my heads, cut off my tail,
To name a spice you will not fail;
Behold me now, and you will find
The master passion left behind.
Put on my head, my tail restore,
Complete me as I was before,
My second letter take away,
An envelope I am, you'll say;
But now curtail me just once more,
I am an inlet on the shore.

Clover, lower, over, clove, love, clover, clover, lower, over, clove, love, clover.

FRIEND OR FOE?



Bullfinch

WHILE the bullfinch is probably the prettiest of all the finches it cannot be denied that it is too fond of garden fruits, which form 40 per cent of its food. It also eats the seeds and fruits of the sycamore, privet, and lilac, and weed seeds and thistle tops, together forming 45 per cent. The remaining 15 per cent consists of wild fruits, beetles, and moth caterpillars.

All the Alphabet

All the letters of the alphabet are contained in this verse, which has nothing freakish in its words or sounds.

GOD gives the grazing ox his meat,
And quickly hears the sheep's low cry.
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should joy to lift His praises high.

Freak Figures

1 x 8 + 1 = 9
12 x 8 + 2 = 98
123 x 8 + 3 = 987
1234 x 8 + 4 = 9876
12345 x 8 + 5 = 98765
123456 x 8 + 6 = 987654
1234567 x 8 + 7 = 9876543
12345678 x 8 + 8 = 98765432
123456789 x 8 + 9 = 987654321

WELCOME VISITORS

SAMUEL SMILE and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies bright;
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.
One says Please and the other says Do,
And both together say "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come you in, and tarry awhile.

A BOTTLE OF SCENT

A YOUNG lady who had ordered a bottle of scent thought the perfumer had forwarded the wrong variety, so she called at the shop, and said:
"I don't think you sent the scent I meant."
"Oh, yes, madam," answered the shopman. "I am sure that what you meant I sent. The scent I sent was the scent you meant, and consequently we are both of one sentiment."

NEW STYLE

OBSERVE yon plumed biped fine;
To effect his captivation
Deposit particles saline
Upon his termination.

This simply means that if you want to catch a bird you should put salt on his tail.

How Sir Humphry Davy Wrote His Name

HUMPHRY DAVY, the Cornish lad who made England really think about electricity, died at Geneva on May 29, 1829. The new science of Galvanism gripped his imagination, and so brilliant were

H. Davy

his researches that by the time he was 23 he had won an assistant lectureship at the Royal Institution. He gave us the electric arc lamp, the parent of all electric lamps, and it was he, too, who discovered Michael Faraday, our next great electrical genius.

Tongue Twister

THERE was a Russian came over the sea

Just when the war was growing hot;
And his name it was Tjallikavakaree-Karindobrolikavahudarot-

Shibhadirova-
Ivarditzova-
Sanilik-
Danerick-
Varagobhot.

Wrongheaded

THE only reason why Willie remained always at the bottom of the class was because he could go no lower.

"Oh, Willie," cried the teacher one day, after ten minutes of useless explanation, "whatever do you think your head is for?"

"Please, miss," was the reply, "to keep my collar on."

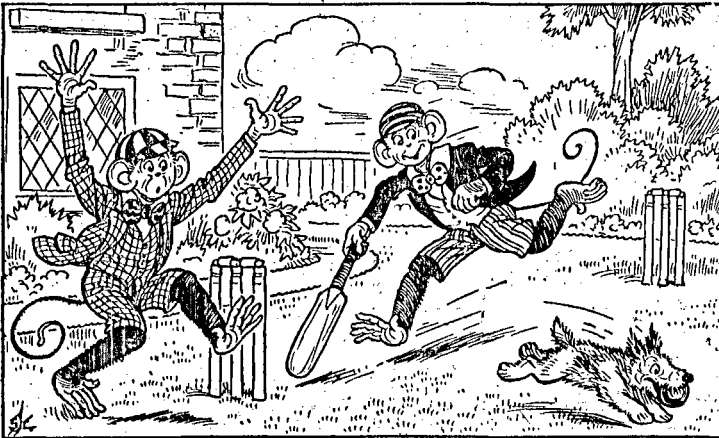
LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Jumbled Birds
Cuckoo, thrush, robin, sparrow

The Cat Up the Tree
Thirteen days would bring the cat 52 feet up the tree. On the 14th day it mounted 11 feet, and would be at the top.

STAR	FEAR
TOW	HORDE
OWER	RIDE
MEDIATE	F
RCNUO	O
CE	FITNESS
HELD	ERIN
URALS	SEA
MANY	BERG

Jacko Gets the Stumps Out



SPRING had come, and with it, of course, cricket. Jacko, having a knock-up with Chimp in the garden one morning, was surprised to find himself caught out by Bouncer, who had got the ball firmly between his teeth. "Clever lad!" cried the boys. But they weren't so pleased when the young rascal hung on to the ball and ran off with it. It took them all their time to persuade him to give it up.

Queer Fish

THERE are several types of Angler Fish, but all share the same lazy habit of lying sluggishly among weeds or in mud, attracting prey for food by a sort of fishing-rod suspended over the mouth.

The black Australian Devil Fish weighs up to two tons, is flat like a skate, has an evil-looking face and a whip-like tail tremendously strong.

Flying Fish are very like common herrings except for their enormously developed fins. Found in California and elsewhere, they invariably inhabit tropical seas and move about in large shoals. They skim rather

than fly, and have a remarkably rapid fin vibration.

Most of the flat fishes swim vertically when young, but later adopt their more familiar horizontal position. Nature meets this change by causing the right eye gradually to travel completely across the forehead until both eyes are on the left.

The Four-Eyed Fish is something really extraordinary, with each eye divided horizontally into two parts, the top for use above water, the bottom below. As the fish swims with its head half out of the water, both sections are in use at once.

Do You Live at Hull?

THIS name is very interesting. Originally the town was called Wyke-upon-Hull, which means the dwelling upon the hollow, or river. Then the name was changed to Kingston-on-Hull which means the king's town on the river, and finally all was dropped but the Hull, which is really the old English word holl, a hollow.

About Turn!



A CHEERFUL old bear at the Zoo
Could always find something to do;
If it bored him, you know,
To walk to and fro,
He reversed it, and walked for and to.

Writers and Readers

IN the public library the other day a short man was reading Longfellow, a servant was reading Butler, a jeweller was interested in Goldsmith, an engineer asked for Lever, a fishmonger was reading Shelley, a blacksmith inquired for Locke, a flour merchant read Mill, a lancer asked for Shakespeare, and a hedger asked for Hawthorne.

Ici on Parle Français

When Thou Prayest

5. Lorsque vous priez, ne soyez pas comme les hypocrites, qui aiment à prier debout dans les synagogues et aux coins des rues, pour être vus des hommes. Je vous le dis en vérité, ils reçoivent leur récompense.

6. Mais quand tu pries, entre dans ta chambre, ferme ta porte, et prie ton Père qui est là dans le lieu secret; et ton Père, qui voit dans le secret, te le rendra.

7. En priant, ne multipliez pas de vaines paroles, comme les païens, qui s'imaginent qu'à force de paroles ils seront exaucés.

8. Ne leur ressemblez pas; car votre Père sait de quoi vous avez besoin, avant que vous le lui demandiez.
From Matthew VI

Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in war-time a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's toothpaste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutraliser of mouth acid known. Only in one toothpaste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found, and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains 75%.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting toothpaste regularly always have the whitest teeth and are practically free from decay, with its distressing toothache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere, 7d., 1/1d. and 1/10 1/4d. (Including Purchase Tax.)

PHILLIPS' DENTAL MAGNESIA

* 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

LIFE TO-DAY

brings us into closer contact than ever with those in urgent need. We take refreshment and FRIENDSHIP to those in SHELTERS, where our Religious services are a great help. PLEASE SEND A GIFT to THE REV. PERCY INESON,

EAST END MISSION
Bromley Street, Commercial Road,
Stepney, E.1.



Doctors and Nurses recommend 'California Syrup of Figs'

They know it to be a perfectly safe and natural fruit laxative. It ensures gentle but thorough action and the kiddies love its delicious flavour.

When your child gets cross and peevish, has a coated tongue and a headache, all that is needed to restore health and happiness is

'California Syrup of Figs,' Nature's own laxative. The wise mother follows the advice of doctors and nurses and gives a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative each week. 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax) everywhere. Be sure to emphasize 'CALIFORNIA.'